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THE SEVEN AGES OF A LAWYER.

A VISION.



DEDICATED TO THE
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LAW CLASS
OF 1916.

BY
DOUGLAS W. ROBERT
St. Louis, 1916.



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no 1.

THE SEVEN AGES OF A LAWYER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION

FATHER TIME	SUCCESSFUL LAWYER
STUDENT	JUDGE
GRADUATE	JUSTICE
BRIEFLESS BARRISTER	OLD LAWYER

COSTUMES.

Father Time—White robe, bald top white wig, white beard.

Student—Student's black gown, large spectacles, curly light wig.

Graduate—Black cap and gown.

Briefless Barrister—Seedy light clothes, tousled wig.

Successful Lawyer—Fine frock suit, pale gloves, top hat, cane.

Judge—Black gown, glasses, short white legal wig.

Justice—Black gown, judge's long wig, long fancy cane.

Old Lawyer—Worn frock suit, partly bald gray wig, cane.

PROPERTIES.

President.....Wine glass

Father Time.....Large hour glass, white; white scythe

Student.....Book, spectacles

Graduate.....Sheep

Briefless Barrister.....Package of papers

Successful Lawyer.....Cane

Judge.....Judgment roll

Justice.....Long fancy walking stick

Old Lawyer.....Cane



THE SEVEN AGES OF A LAWYER.

A VISION.

(President rises.)

President—It is customary at all banquets and feasts that the guests be given first substantial and nourishing food, and afterward they are served with lighter and daintier refreshments, which appeal only to the taste. And so it is with mental feasts. First we listen to thoughtful words; words which aid and help us. Then we are given those things which appeal only to our fancy and our emotions.

We have listened to the words of wisdom. We have had a most sustaining mental feast.

And so, now, I am going to ask you to take a little trip with me—a trip to the land of Here, There, and Everywhere; a trip to the land of the Past, the Present, and the Future; the land where visions seem real, and spirits, too, appear.

'Tis but a short journey! Will you come?

(Spreads arms.)

(Lights out.)

(Spot light on Pres. He stands bowed.)

Music—"Meditation"—Thais.

(Bell strikes twelve.)

Pres.—Twelve times the bell has tolled. "'Tis now the very witching time of night, when graveyards yawn," and

ghosts and fairies and pixies roam the earth, and spirits, too, are abroad.

(Father Time appears in spot light at right. Slowly walks to center. Stands at left of Pres.)

Pres.—See! There is one now! Old Father Time, who sometimes walks on leaden feet, and sometimes flies on all too rapid wing!

(To F. T.)—What, ho, Father Time! What mean you here? We are all boys tonight and give no heed to time!

Father T.—Aye! But you shall give heed to me! I have come to remind you that I was, and am, and always shall be. I have come to show you the Then, the Now, and the To Be; what you were, what you are, and what you shall be.

You have forgotten, perhaps, what you were. Do you remember the days of your youth, when first you poured over the leaves of Blackstone?

(Student appears in s. l. at r., walks slowly to c., stands at r. of Pres.)

Father T.—See yourself, and recall the weary days of legal learning.

(To Student.)—Come hither, lad, and tell me what you do; what you learn and what are your ambitions.

(Pres. sits.)

Student—

I work and slave from morn to night,
O'er books and papers pouring.
Examinations are a fright,
And keep me from my snoring.

There's Pleading, Common Law and Code;
Sales, and Torts, and Agency,
All served and dished up a la mode,
With accursed frequency.

There're Real Estate and Equity,
Contracts, too, and Evidence.
We learn the law's antiquity,
And some which hasn't any sense.

What is Perpresture, Absque Hoc;
 The Rule in Shelley's Case?
 Oh, Lord! I'd like a chance to knock
 A dent in Shelley's face!

But still the goal holds out allure
 Of glorious fame and fees.
 I'll strive for both, you may be sure,
 In particular the res.

I keep before my gleaming eyes,
 A spur to my ambition,
 The great Alumni Scholars' prize,
 It helps to pay tuition.

Shall I win that prize and get long green?
 I inquire in dulcet tones.
 I guess I'll have to fix the Dean,
 For I want those fifty bones!

(Walks to F. T., head bowed.)

(Bell strikes one.)

Father T. (swinging scythe)—Tempus fugit!

(Exit Student.)

Father T.—Next comes the graduate. Do you remember the happiest day of your life, when in cap and gown you received the diploma most of you could not read?
(Graduate appears in s. l. at r., walks to c., stands at r. of Pres.)

Father T.—There you are! How proud you were! Life had no terrors for you! The knowledge of all the law was yours!

(To Pres.)—Mr. President *(Pres. rises)*, permit me to introduce to you and to the Alumni Association, the Washington University Law Class of 1916!

Pres. (To G.)—

Oh, boy! Life is sweet; life is new!
 Ambition now fires your soul.
 Stand up, head erect, one of few,
 You know you will reach your goal!

The world; is it broad, is it bright,
 The path you have chosen straight?
 You know, you are sure, you are right.
 Defeat can not be your fate!

Take care, be alert, look ahead!
 The road is hard at its best.
 Be in front, a leader, not led.
 There is no time for a rest!

Have faith, keep the faith, and be sure
 Your brothers will help in your needs.
 Dig deep, plant well, watch the flower,
 'Tis now that you sow the seeds!

Here's a toast, here's a health, my boy,
 From all who witness this scene!
 Here's hope; here's success; here is joy,
 To the Class of Sweet Sixteen!

(Pres. sits.)

Graduate—

We thank you for those few kind words,
 Which sound like benediction.
 But we are keen and we can tell
 When facts we're told, not fiction.

Don't think that we are callow youths
 And now our teeth are cutting;
 Just butt against us, if you will,
 You'll be sorry for the butting!

We know the law and what to do,
 And ready are for quarrels.
 'Tis you who now must be prepared
 And look well to your laurels!

This class is freshest in the field;
 Has the latest brand of learning,
 And Sweet Sixteen is full of fire,
 With legal lights a'burning.

Diplomas, sir, were offered us;
 But we wanted nothing cheap,
 For we did not want mere sheepskins,
 So we took the whole damn sheep!

(Holds up sheep.)

(Walks to F. T., head bowed.)

(Bell strikes two.)

Father T. (swinging scythe)—Tempus fugit!

(Exit Graduate.)

Father T.—Then you entered the practice of the law and you soon found that your name on a door, over the words "Attorney and Counsellor at Law," would not alone lure clients. How fondly you gazed at that sign, too! Ages it seemed, did it not, until the first alleged client appeared? But rent day seemed to come on alternate days.

(Briefless Barrister appears in s. l. at r. Walks slowly to c. Stands at r. of Pres.)

Father T.—Let us ask this Shade of the Past how he fared when the glamour of the commencement exercises and the alumni dinner had faded.

(To B. B.)—Stay, young man! What are you doing for the honor of your profession? How are the clients and how is the practice of the law?

Briefless Barrister—It's simply hell! This is no time for poetry, Father Time, and I have neither jingle nor mirth in me. As for the practice of the law—I suppose that is all right—at least I have not altered its course to any extent as yet. Clients there may be. I have heard of them and really seen some—*(sotto voce)* in other fellows' offices.

I am keeping up appearances, though. I get into court whenever I can. I get other lawyers to let me file papers and make motions for them.

It's fierce sometimes, though. Some of the judges frown so at young lawyers and you would think they had horns, they bellow so loud at us. Some of them think we ought to know as much as they do. Well, on the level, maybe we do!

Gee! I am afraid of Bill Jones. He is so sharp and quick! I like to go into Tom Henning's court, though; he is so kind and gentle and motherly. I don't see how anybody could be cross in his court with that winning smile of his.

But when I think of what others have done, I take courage.

Just think. Judge Priest started out as an humble United States District Judge, and now see what he is!

Franklin Ferriss admitted he and former Dean Curtis had to get along on free lunches at first, yet he was counsel for the World's Fair and got more free lunches, but of a different kind.

Sam McPheeters was a perfectly good young lawyer, now he is chief cop of St. Louis.

Tom Anderson was czar of all the rushers of growlers. Now he is a judge!

Even Virgil Rule and Hick Rodgers were judges ad interim and pro tem. Judge Goode actually practiced in Springfield, Missouri, and now he is our Dean.

Oh, it's tough, I know. But with these bright and shining examples before me I am sure I have a chance!

So I'll buck the game, for my share of fame;
My share of the long green, too!
And I will not stop, till I reach th' tip-top,
For I'm from Washington U!

(Walks to F. T., head bowed.)

(Bell strikes three.)

Father T. (swinging scythe)—Tempus fugit!

(Exit Briefless B.)

Father T.—Ah! But success comes at last, as it must to the man from Washington U. From your alma mater are drawn the brightest lights of the bench and the bar and the writers of the law. But even I can not always fathom the mysteries of the progress of the rising lawyer.

(*Successful Lawyer appears in s. l. at r. Walks briskly to c. Stands at r. of Pres.*)

Father T.—Here is a Spirit of the Present who, perhaps, can tell the secret of success.

(*To S. L.*)—How is it, sir, that you succeeded so quickly? Can it be contingent fees, collateral inheritance or bankruptcy allowances; or e'en, perchance, the pursuit of the ambulatory red cross vehicle? Explain, sir!

Successful Lawyer (Spoken)—It is easily explained. I will tell you.

(*Sung*)—

A great successful man to be
And lead in his profession,
Must keep his eyes upon each fee
And grab in quick succession.

Chorus—And grab in quick succession!

A side line, too, will then and now
Bring cash for recreation.
Just write a book, no matter how,
See Judson on Taxation!

Chorus—See Judson on Taxation!

A book it need not have to be
To spread your name like fury.
Just cut and paste like Everett P.,
See Digest of Missouri!

Chorus—See Digest of Missouri!

Or you can hop from bench to bar,
Shape papers to their needing;
Like 'Gene, who tells us where we are
In McQuillin's Forms and Pleading!

Chorus—McQuillin's Forms and Pleading!

But spread your name if you want biz.
To all the climes and races.
The best example of this is
Priest on Specific Cases!

F. T.—Priest on Specific Cases?

S. L.—Yes. Priest on Specific Cases.

F. T.—Priest! What Priest?

S. L.—Our own Judge Henry S.

F. T.—Did he ever write on Specific Cases? I have never heard of that work.

S. L.—Oh, yes! He has written an article on nearly every big case he has had.

F. T.—Tell me where I can get this valuable collection.

S. L.—In the files of the Globe, Post, Republic, Times and Star!

Chorus—Priest on Specific Cases!

(*Walks to F. T., head bowed.*)

(*Bell strikes four.*)

Father T. (*swinging scythe*)—Tempus fugit!

(*Exit Successful L.*)

Father T.—To sit upon the woolsack has been the ambition of every man who has won the sheepskin. Some of you have been known even to resign the lucrative post of Excise Commissioner for a seat upon the bench.

But though there are many of you who would be an honor to the judiciary, the places are few. We can not all be Koerners, Caves, Kinseys and Kimmels!

(*Judge appears in s. l. at r. Walks slowly to c. Stands at r. of Pres. Averts face from F. T.*)

Father T.—See this one with fair, round belly, as the Bard of Avon has immortalized him! How stately his mien; how perfect the temp'rament. I am really very fond of judges; they have such taking ways with me.

He avoids me! (*To Judge*)—How now, Your Honor! Why the non curat expression?

Judge—

Oh, Father Time, I hate your name.
 Too oft I hear its mention,
 For lawyers always use it when
 Delay is their intention.

Oh! It's time for this and time for that,
 And no one to set the pace.
 There's time for everything in the world,
 But never to try the case.

Chorus—Repeat last four lines.

Time is the essence of a case;
 But one would think that pleading
 Was first and foremost in the court,
 To judgment never leading.

Oh! It's time for this and time for that,
 And no one to set the pace.
 There's time for everything in the world,
 But never to try the case.

Chorus—

Defendant first asks time to plead;
 Then plaintiff to secure the cost.
 Ten days for each is all they ask,
 That's twenty altogether lost.

Oh! It's time for this and time for that,
 And no one to set the pace.
 There's time for everything in the world,
 But never to try the case.

Chorus—

Defendant's time is up, gone by!
 Where is thy pleading, sirrah?
 "Why, please the Court," he answers now,
 "I file herewith demurrer."

Oh! It's time for this and time for that,
 And no one to set the pace.
 There's time for everything in the world,
 But never to try the case.

Chorus—

Then motions come in one by one,
 A string in long procession;
 To certain make, strike out, elect;
 They follow in succession.

Oh! It's time for this and time for that,
 And no one to set the pace.
 There's time for everything in the world,
 But never to try the case.

Chorus—

At last the case is set for trial,
 Court and jury time have spent.
 See the smile on counsel's face!
 Note; continued by consent!

Oh! It's time for this and time for that,
 And no one to set the pace.
 There's time for everything in the world,
 But never to try the case.

Chorus—

(Walks to F. T., head bowed.)

(Bell strikes five.)

Father T. (swinging scythe)—Tempus fugit!

(Exit Judge.)

*Father Time—*Ah, but the crowning glory is the Supreme Bench! Far from the bickering and strife of the practitioner, the Justice sits in calm deliberation. Entrusted by the people with great power, all of their confidence is placed in him. What matter if it take three years to reach a decision, should such as I, Old Father Time, intrude myself upon him? Nay, nay, the decision will be reached ultimately, if we are very patient and live long enough!

(Justice appears in s. l. at r. Walks sedately to c. Stands at r. of Pres.)

*Father T.—*Let us ask this Justice how it must feel to have reposed in one man, at the same time, such honor, glory and dignity.

(*To Justice*)—Tell us, honored sir, what are the sensations of one who has attained the great height to which you have risen? How feels it to be a Justice?

Justice—

Oh! It's grand to be a Justice of the very highest court;
For we render true decisions and we ne'er commit a tort,
And we give the rich and poor man just the same kind of support.

That's Justice!

Chorus—That's Justice!

But it's great to be a Justice, when hard working gives us pain,
And we want six months' vacation, just to rest our weary brain.
Then we grab our fishing tackle and we hop the nearest train.

That's Just Us!

Chorus—Just Us!

Now, of course, it is our duty to respond to people's need;
To decide the cases promptly, with a reasonable speed,
And to let all persons know the law, and what we have decreed.

That's Justice!

Chorus—That's Justice!

But if we do not wish to rush and to our thoughts give birth,
There is no power can hurry us, nor any power on earth;
For if anybody tries it we just shake our sides with mirth.

That's Just Us!

Chorus—Just Us!

It's very right and proper that you know our last decision,
Then all can follow well the rule with sureness and precision,
And law is held in good repute and never in derision.

That's Justice!

Chorus—That's Justice!

But we are never, never bound to follow former ruling;
For if we do not like it we can call it simply drooling;
Can modify or overrule without the slightest fooling.

That's Just Us!

Chorus—Just Us!

It's very solemn, now, to sit and judge a fellow creature;
To render justice evenly to criminal or preacher.
But that we do in ev'ry case, on ev'ry phase and feature.

That's Justice!

Chorus—That's Justice!

If what we say's unpopular, and the populace is stirred,
We care not for the chattering of the great and unwashed herd.
For the jolly part of all this is, we have the final word!

Just Us!

Chorus—Just Us!

So I'm proud to be a Justice of a great and mighty State,
And to sit upon that great high bench in manner most sedate;
To speak the word which moulds the law, and all the laws collate

For Justice!

Chorus—For Justice!

I am also glad to hold the job, and when pay-day comes round,
To receive the comfy salary, with all expenses found,
And feel no one can write the law with reason that is sound

But Just Us!

Chorus—Just Us!

(Walks to F. T., head bowed.)

(Bell strikes six.)

Father T. (swinging scythe)—Tempus fugit!

(Exit Justice.)

Father T.—Now, hark ye, all things must come to an end!
Glory, honor and fees will cease in time! I am remorseless! I place my mark upon the brilliant and learned, the poor and unskilled alike, and when I do, the young and active will compel the old to yield even as the Class of Sweet Sixteen is now preparing to push many of you aside and lure your clients away.

(Old Lawyer appears in s. l. at r. and totters slightly to c. Stands at r. of Pres.)

Father T.—The last stage! I promised to show you what you shall be, and you are from Missouri! Note the feebleness of body; and yet within this Old Lawyer is still the strength of character, rectitude and faithfulness to duty!

(*To Old Lawyer, bowing deeply*)—Greetings, Chester K! We are indeed glad to have you with us and marvel at your vigor! Pray tell of us of the lawyer from eighteen to eighty!

Old Lawyer—

Greetings, too, but why this salutation,
The merry nod and this adulation?
When have we parted, Father Time and I?
He came at birth and leaves me when I die!

The lawyer, schooled to keep his promised word,
Is ne'er a sloth, when duty's call is heard;
He's ever prompt. And yet the mighty
Time is oft ignored, pendente lite!

Varied his life, in office and in court;
Out in the world with men of ev'ry sort;
Ready his wit, his knowledge, his science;
Courteous of mien, yet breathing defiance!

He boasts he's ever ready for the fight,
Will "do" his foe and "do" him up just right.
And he'll "do" you, and seem to keep his prime.
I trow though, he'll not boast he has "done time!"

The legal light in youth burns high the flame;
In middle life the fees count more than fame.
Th' years turn out new L L B's, ad damnum;
Kids who'd Oslerize us all, confound 'em!

Ah, well! The paths so often trod by him
Know him less frequently! His eyes grow dim
And his step more slow. But not even Time
Can dull his lustrous dignity sublime!

Years well spent draw his labors to a close.
Bid him watch the sands! As a fading rose
He droops! Then comes Death, that great mystery!
You pass his name, his deeds to history!

Make plain his shaft; his name, his age enough!
 And then upon the granite gray and rough
 Carve this inscription, prithee, at the end:
 "He was a faithful counsellor—and friend!"

(Walks to F. T., head bowed.)

(Bell strikes seven.)

Father T. (swinging scythe)—Tempus fugit!

(Exit Old Lawyer.)

Pres. (rising)—Oh, Father Time! You have indeed recalled the past and lifted the veil of the future, and for thus holding our end before our eyes we demand of you one concession:

That the coming year shall not count upon our allotted span of three-score and ten;

That during the coming year we shall live, and breathe, and have our being, but it shall not count as one upon our age;

That we shall not be one second older when we meet together one year from tonight than we are at this moment!

Father T.—That concession I freely and gladly make!

Pres. (pointing)—Then go! Leave us!

(Bell strikes three—F. T. and Pres. facing and posed.)

(Bell strikes three—F. T. slowly turns during striking.)

(Bell strikes three—Exit F. T.)

(Spot light out.)

(Pres. sits during interval of darkness.)

(Lights up.)

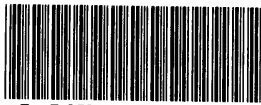
Music—"Oh! It's Time for This and Time for That."







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